

AND *P^RTHENOPHEE*.  
ELEGIES. 4! I



But were mine heart of oak, this rage  
would eat, Still fresh as ivy, mine hard oak  
to dust<sup>f</sup> And were my pleasures durable as  
steel,  
Despair would force they should Time's  
canker feel!

ELEGY IV,

**T**His day, sweet Mistress! you to me, did  
write (When for so many lines, I begged  
replyal), That " From all hope, you would  
not bar me quite <sup>r</sup> Nor grant plain *Placet!* nor  
give dead denial I " But in my chamber window,  
while I read it, A waspish bee flew round about  
me buzzing With full-filled flanks, when my  
Time's flower had fed it, (Which there lay  
strewed); and in my neck, with huzzing, She  
fixed her sting ! Then did I take her out; And  
in my window left her, where she died. My neck  
still smarts, and swelleth round about ; By  
which her wrath's dear ransom may be tried. A  
mirror to thee, Lady! which I send  
In this small schoede, with commendations  
tied; Who, though the sting and anguish stay  
with me, Yet for revenge, saw his unlucky end.  
Then note th' example of this hapless bee ! And  
when to me, thou dost thy sting intend; Fear  
some such punishment should chance to thee !